Provocateur

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Provocateur

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Summary

Hannibal knows Will Graham; and the boy on stage performing the part of Thomas in Venus in Furs is decidedly not the Will Hannibal has grown to know over the course of their semester as roommates.

Notes

Day 2 of AU_Gust Prompts is: College

Enjoy some smutty roommate Hannigram!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal *knows* Will Graham; and the boy on stage performing the part of Thomas in *Venus in Furs* is decidedly *not* the Will Hannibal has grown to know over the course of their semester as roommates.

When Hannibal had mentioned he'd be at the performance tonight and Will had warned him about his relationship with theater performance, Hannibal hadn't truly expected *this.* Will has a wonderful mind, a sort of pure empathy that allows him to settle into the thoughts of anyone. Hannibal knows it grates on Will like sandpaper sometimes, his difficulty turning it off. He'd joined the theater group in the hopes to gain some control over his *gift,* to find some fleeting sense of command in an otherwise impossible situation.

But the Will he sees now, *this* Will is a creature all his own. Hannibal has always thought Will beautiful, with his lengthy, tawny curls sweeping his shoulders and eyes the color of a sea storm. But he's resplendent on stage, euphoric in his performance. Hannibal struggles to breathe, the very real ache between his thighs enough of a distraction.

After, Will is giggly and nearly high from adrenaline, and Hannibal offers to walk with him back to their dorm. How could he not when Will is practically vibrating out of his skin and smells of sweat and heat and the musk of arousal.

Hannibal is curious whether Will's empathy runs deeply enough that he feels connected to the characters he plays more vividly than most actors, whether Will's arousal now is a result of that empathy or whether it's a more honest representation of Will's hedonistic side.

He feels he's grown to know Will well enough over the months, yet he's still shocked at Will's brazen flirting once they get far enough from the performance hall.

"So...what did'ya think?"

Hannibal glances in his direction, heart skipping a beat at the sight of Will's flushed and euphoric face highlighted by the yellow glare of the street lamps. "I told you already, it was marvelous. The entire cast showed exemplary talent."

"Mhmm," Will agrees, looping an arm through Hannibal's casually, as though it's an action they've engaged in many times before. "And what did you think of the *subject matter?"*

Hannibal swallows around the lump in his throat, his stomach clenching tightly as images of Will being ordered around, being strapped to a column and debased - of Will falling into grateful submission - consumes his mind. "It was...certainly thought provoking."

Will gives another soft hum, halts his steps between the haven of two circles of light cast upon the ground so quickly that Hannibal, attached to Will at the arm as he is, is jerked to a stop as well. "And what sort of *thoughts* did my play *provoke* in you?" Will asks, and even in the relative darkness Hannibal can see the sharp glint of Will's eyes, the expectant - hopeful? - gaze that he casts brazenly upon Hannibal.

Hannibal shifts his arm until their hands meet and then slots them together, turning more fully toward his companion. “A veritable *feast* of inappropriate musings,” Hannibal admits, laying his cards on the table, just as Will had been cajoling him into doing. He doesn’t think, after all, the tension between them has only been felt by himself. “I found myself wondering if you were excited on stage. I can smell your arousal even now, but can’t authenticate its genuinity. Are you still in the skin of your character, Will? Or are you, yourself, in this moment?”

Will shifts closer, and Hannibal can then see the flash of his gleaming white teeth as he smiles widely. “I am myself. And I *was* excited on stage, but only because my mind had selfishly replaced my co-star with someone else entirely.”

They shift closer still, and the chill of the early Spring evening air is pushed away by the inferno of Will’s slim body. Hannibal dares to reach out to seize Will’s other hand, lacing those fingers together as well, and desire pools hot in his gut when Will accepts the gesture and then offers his hand an encouraging squeeze.

“I also am curious if you might react to such advancements outside the stage. If perhaps you would relish in the chance to surrender yourself to another’s whims and desires. Someone trustworthy, of course, who only had *your* interests in mind, despite the methods used to bring them to fruition.”

“I’d be lucky to know such a person,” Will purrs, his voice low and husky. He closes the gap that separates them, so the only distance remaining is that between their heads, Will’s tilted up invitingly, brilliant eyes heavy-lidded and lips curled in a lazy smirk.

Will is a solid line of heat against him, and Hannibal’s hands itch to explore the lean strength of him, the wiry muscles and slender hips, the plush ass Hannibal has guiltily admired more than once as Will roamed half-dressed around their dorm room.

“Have you ruined your pants yet, with your wanton arousal?” Hannibal taunts him, feeling emboldened by Will’s enthusiastic consent. When Will barely holds back a moan Hannibal presses further. “You’re filthy. Displaying yourself like a cheap whore for anyone to see.”

“Hannibal-” Will starts, but is interrupted by Hannibal pulling him closer still into his body, hands trailing down his flanks and framing his hips, palms finally sliding to cup his ass.

“I believe a quick return to our dormitory is required, dear Will. Or else I’m likely to take you here in the courtyard for everyone to watch.”

Will groans, loud and long this time, his eyes going dark with his arousal. “Yes.” He growls, and Hannibal smiles at him with too many teeth.

“Yes you want to go to our room, or yes you want me to fuck you right here for the entire campus to watch and ache to have you as I shall?”

“Room, right now,” Will snarls, pulling on Hannibal and guiding him swiftly the remaining distance to their building. They take the stairs up four flights, Will too restless with energy to wait for the slow elevator.

By the time they make it to their room they're both panting with their desire, and Hannibal is hazy with how turned on he is at the sight of Will pulling his clothes off to toss in random directions. He stands in the center of the room, statue-still, and watches Will bare himself eagerly. The flush of arousal that adorns his cheeks spreads down his neck, across his pale chest. His cock is already hard and leaking, hanging heavily between his thick thighs, begging for attention. Will doesn't seem to notice Hannibal hasn't moved to join him in nudity until he kicks away the last sock and turns toward him.

Hannibal meets Will's confused gaze for a breath, willing his heart to gentle its slamming against his ribcage as he curls his lips into an indulgent smirk and instructs evenly, "Undress me."

Will's teeth find his bottom lip as his flush spreads further, and there's no way to mask the twitch of his cock when the hard edge of Hannibal's command is well-received. He hesitates only for a moment before he steps closer and raises his hands to begin working at Hannibal's tie. His entire body trembles like a leaf, though Hannibal can smell that it has very little to do with anxiety; when Will gets the knot free and slips the band of silk from Hannibal's neck, he musters up the courage to meet Hannibal's eyes.

There is nothing remotely *close* to fear within them. Hannibal finds himself nearly bowled over by the blatant desire in Will's striking eyes, nearly forgets himself and moves to draw the boy closer, taste the plump lip that his teeth have reddened. But he remains perfectly still, only moves to raise an expectant eyebrow when Will pauses in his task after finishing with the tie.

Will makes quick but careful work of Hannibal's shirt, each button meticulously pulled through the hole but with a speed that indicates Will's building fervor. He falls to his knees before Hannibal once he's pushed his dress shirt off his shoulders, using the material of the shirt to cushion the blow.

His hands are steady when they release Hannibal's zipper on his dress slacks, the button following soon after. He looks up at Hannibal with an open, obvious hunger in his eyes and licks his lips temptingly enough that Hannibal finally moves to pillow his thumb against their plush wetness, unable to resist touching him.

"Go ahead, you know you want to, darling," Hannibal purrs, steadying himself on his feet and smiling as Will takes the permission for what it is and finishes removing Hannibal's slacks, helping guide him out of them and removing his shoes and socks to be thrown to the side just like the rest. It would usually irk Hannibal to see his things treated so carelessly, but his own desperation is rapidly rising and he finds himself focused solely on seeing Will nude and panting beneath him.

When Hannibal's boxers have joined the growing pile of clothing Will shuffles forward even closer, wetting his lips again before he leans forward to take Hannibal's length into his mouth, all the way to the hilt in one brilliant motion.

"Good boy, just like that," Hannibal praises, gasping when the words cause Will to moan around his cock. Will pulls off, his eyes gone inky-black with arousal and his chest heaving already with his need.

“Hannibal -” Will’s voice is a thready, weedy whine already, thick with desire. It causes Hannibal’s stomach to clench with his own pleasure, and he wraps a hand around the back of Will’s head and guides him back to his cock, feeding it to him slowly.

“Shh, you’re doing so well, sweet. Keep going, show me how much you want it,” Hannibal guides his fingers through Will’s curls, pulling him close and rubbing his leaking cockhead against Will’s tongue and sliding into the back of his clenching throat.

Will whimpers around the thick length, eyes fluttering shut when Hannibal continues to murmur his praise. He shivers with his own desire, but Hannibal *tsks* him sharply when Will reaches a hand between his own legs.

“Not just yet, darling. *I* decide when you get touched. Hands on your thighs, love. Keep them there.” Hannibal practically *purrs* his contentment when Will obeys immediately. Living with him for the past semester hasn’t been particularly unpleasant, but Hannibal is certain they’d have gotten along even better if he’d known how well the boy could take direction.

He could stay just like that all night, sliding in and out of Will’s red, wet mouth, acquainting every inch of his cock with Will’s deft tongue, but Hannibal aches for even *more.* Longs to bury himself deep into Will, press into him slow and gentle or fuck him with wild abandon. He wants Will to come with nothing but Hannibal’s cock for pleasure, and he’s fairly certain he wants him tied up for all of it.

Will looks almost bereft when Hannibal pulls from his mouth all the way and doesn’t move to slip in again, blinking up at him with wide, yearning eyes. “Get up, Will.” There’s no hesitation, no simmering resentment at being bossed around. Hannibal’s cock, wet with Will’s cooling spit and his own leaking arousal, twitches with delight. “Fetch my tie and move to my desk.”

Will does as he’s told, only turning a questioning glance to Hannibal when he’s standing in front of Hannibal’s pristine workstation. Hannibal accepts the strip of silk from trembling hands and guides Will to turn around. He wraps up Will’s wrists, binding them together behind his back. It’s sloppy work, something Will could easily struggle out of, but Hannibal doesn’t think he will. There will be other times for something more precise, times when Hannibal is patient enough for the methodical twists and ties of proper binding.

Times when he will take so long tying Will up that the poor boy will already be on the edge of orgasm by the time he’s finished getting him ready. *Then* Hannibal would have some real fun, tease the sweet, trembling thing for ages, all while demanding he not come until told.

Tonight, a dam has burst, and Hannibal *needs* him.

He spares a moment and a sigh of pleasure at the sight of the crimson silk stark against Will’s pale, creamy flesh and can’t help but imagine how beautiful the canvas of his skin would look painted in bruises. He wonders briefly if Will’s proclivities might extend to impact play, and then sets the musing aside.

Another idea for another night.

He nudges his foot between Will's legs until he gets the idea and widens his stance, then applies gentle pressure to Will's upper back until he's bent in half at the waist, chest resting against Hannibal's desk. The fingers he places at Will's mouth are swallowed down without instruction, and Hannibal gives a hum of approval and pets his free hand down Will's spine.

"Nice and wet, love," he murmurs, and Will gives a soft whimper and spreads his legs even further as he stokes Hannibal's digits. He does pause when he brings them to Will's entrance, stroking slick fingers lightly over the furled hole. "Yes?" he confirms, because thus far no *true* consent has been given, and the last thing he wants is for Will to allow this just because he's currently meant to be in a submissive mindset.

"Please," Will groans out, tilting his hips to press back against Hannibal's touch. "Please don't stop."

"While I appreciate your enthusiasm, Will, a *please* isn't a yes. I'll need you to use your words, darling." Hannibal cruelly takes his touch away from Will for the few seconds it takes the boy to whimper and arch his back, desperately seeking Hannibal's hands.

"Please, fuck, *yes, do it,"* Will pleads, words breathless and so pretty as he pants for Hannibal's touch.

"Please what, hm?" Hannibal returns his hands to Will's body, letting them roam absently across his skin, slick with a thin sheen of sweat.

"Fuck me, put your fingers in me, *now."* It's more of a whine than a demand, and Hannibal doesn't keep him waiting again.

The first finger slides in easily, and Will shudders and clenches around him. Hannibal grits his teeth against the tight heat of Will's body, pauses once his digit is fully encased in Will to take a moment to calm his own erratic breathing. His cock *aches* when he imagines how it will feel to have *that* buried inside Will instead.

He spreads the fingers of his other hand through Will's curls, gently stroking his scalp a few times before twisting them into a fist and yanking Will's head higher. He bends low to place his lips against Will's ear, murmurs softly but firmly, "I'll be the one making demands this evening, Will. If you wish to find release you'd best keep that in mind."

Will has tensed somewhat around Hannibal's digit, so when he goes to add a second it is not as easy a fit. Hannibal strokes Will's walls with his pointer finger, releases his grip on Will's curls to pet at his hip. "Relax for me, sweet thing. Just breathe." As ever, Will follows his instructions without delay, and Hannibal is able to sink a second finger inside. "There we go. Such a good boy. You're going to feel just lovely wrapped around me."

The sounds pouring from Will's mouth are obscene, Hannibal's cock hard and leaking at the tip with more than just Will's cooling saliva. He leans over Will's lax body and fumbles in the top drawer of his desk for a bottle, finally finding it and flipping the cap to drizzle lubricant over his fingers where they hook against Will's rim and pries him open further, scissoring his digits.

He watches the liquid disappear inside of Will's clenching body and follows after it with both his fingers again, this time with far more success. Will lets out a pitiful little mewl of pleasure and desperation and Hannibal's muscles tense at the sound, his own need nearly overwhelming him, growing thick in his throat and he works Will open.

"Like it rough, H. Want it, do it now, *please,"* Will's pleas are choked and breathless, and Hannibal finds he can't deny him his request.

"Of course, Will. Stay just like that, sweet." Hannibal reaches around Will again to grab a condom and Will grunts, huffing in aggravation. "We'll use them until we can get tested but I promise you once we do I'll fill you up and keep you filthy, exactly how you like."

Will *whines* so prettily Hannibal can't wait anymore, needs to hollow out a space inside him just for himself. He pulls on the thin latex and pours more lube over himself, using one hand on Will's hip to keep him steady and his other hand to work himself over a few times, getting himself slick.

He moves both hands to Will's plush ass cheeks and spreads him open wide enough that his hole flutters and clenches around nothing. He pushes in without hesitation, smirking at Will's gasp of surprise followed by his groan of pleasure.

Hannibal moves slowly but persistently at first, sinking into Will's body like a warm bath. He's so tight around Hannibal that he imagines he can feel his pulse through his inner walls, so warm and inviting. Once Hannibal bottoms out he starts to pull away until his cockhead is at Will's entrance again before sliding back in, this time with more force, his balls slapping against Will's ass.

"Fuck, *yes.* Why haven't we been doing this all semester?" Will slurs his words against the wood grain of the desk, his cheek pressed flat to it and a string of saliva pooling from his mouth to the surface.

"If I'd known you were such a slut, I'd have taken you that first night. Would you have let me, Will? Would you have loved getting fucked just like this before you even knew my name?" Hannibal taunts him, starting up a brutal pace that has the desk rocking loudly against the wall, shaking the glass in the window in front of it.

"Yes, yes, yes," Will grunts with each of Hannibal's thrusts, mewling when Hannibal slides back the curtain of their third-floor window and wraps a hand in Will's hair to pull him up to look over the edge, down into the courtyard below where a few stragglers remain.

"Any of them could simply look right up here," Hannibal points out as he fucks into Will's tight heat. "See right in, see you being mounted by me like a bitch in heat. But you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Will whines, wiggling his body as much as he can to push back into Hannibal's brutal thrusts. He's certain that if Will's hands weren't bound behind his back he'd be clutching at the desk for extra support, reaching back to Hannibal's hips to encourage him to move faster still.

Hannibal dips low, lips at Will's ear once again, "My lovely little slut. So eager for me, so willing to please. Can you come from my cock alone?" Even as he asks, he hauls Will's hips higher, ensuring that he can strike against his prostate with every thrust. "I'd love to witness such a sight. Want to feel you clench around me in pleasure, forcing my own release to pulse deep inside you -"

"Fuck!" Will cries out, "Hannibal -" and he comes, sobbing, tears slipping down his cheeks to mix with spittle on the desk, his untouched cock pulsing its release onto the floor beneath it.

Hannibal's vision nearly whites out as Will clenches around him, and all he can do it thrust deep once more and let his own pleasure overtake him, fervently wishing in the heat of the moment that he hadn't used protection, that his own seed would flood and fill Will, mark him as his own.

He knows he isn't the only one who desires such an outcome. And as Will's tight heat spasms around his own twitching cock, Hannibal can't help but think if he wasn't able to mark Will *that* way, there was still an avenue for him to pursue…

Hannibal bends low, fits his jaw around the lovely curve where Will's shoulder meets his neck, and clamps down. Will cries out, hips twitching back even more fervently onto Hannibal's cock, and he's quite certain he's somehow renewed Will's diminishing orgasm with this gesture.

Will's blood is scalding copper against Hannibal's tongue, and all he can think to do is lap at the wound to soothe the ache he's instilled.

"I'm sorry," he murmurs against Will's wounded flesh. "I'm sorry, darling. I wasn't thinking."

"Don't," Will pants after a moment. "N-no, don't. It's...it's okay. That was -" Will whines, wiggling back into Hannibal's hips once more, though both of them are spent and Hannibal is already softening within him. "That was *perfect."*

Hannibal pulls from him slowly, internally mirroring Will's discontented whine when he leaves him completely. He removes the condom, ties it off, and tosses it into the bin next to his desk. The mess Will left upon the floor will have to wait; all Hannibal can think to do is untie Will's wrists, rubbed a bright red by the friction of the tie to match its own shade, and pull the boy back, closer to him, and guide the both of them over to Hannibal's perfectly made bed.

They spend a minute, only broken by soft grunts and muttered instructions, getting comfortable on the mattress together, Will curled up on his side and Hannibal curled against the back of him, protective and encompassing.

"I meant what I said about wishing we'd done this sooner," Will murmurs, even as he fights back a yawn.

Hannibal buries his nose into the curls behind Will's ear, sweat-slicked and saturated in the pheromones of his arousal and release. "I know. It's an egregious oversight. One which won't be repeated."

Will burrows further back into Hannibal's embraces and releases a soft sigh. "Good."

End Notes

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We also have a Discord server where you can chat with us, throw us prompts, and post images/art inspired by our work! You may also catch a snippet or two of some WIPs! DM us on Twitter for details!

'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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